Li. Why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend. (nameit.
Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to
Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?
Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.
Li. Did you goe too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue, or at ſeuen?
Mar. Earlyer too Sir, if now I be one.
Li. Why? the houſe you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of ſale.
Mar. Doe you knowe this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come intoo't? I heare ſay you'r of honourable parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.
Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you who I am?
Mar. Who is my principall?
Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, ſhe that ſets ſeedes and rootes of ſhame and iniquitie.
O you haue heard ſomething of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee prettie one, my authoritie ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly vpon thee, come bring me to ſome priuate place: Come, come.
Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthie of it.
Li. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.
Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac't me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue beene ſolde deerer then Phiſicke, that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhalowed place, though they did chaunge me to the meaneſt byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre.
Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, nere dremp't, thou could'ſt, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeeche had altered it, holde, heeres golde,

golde for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt and the gods ſtrengthen thee.
Mar. The good Gods preſerue you.
Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows ſauor vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curſe vpō him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doeſt heare from me it ſhalbe for thy good.
Boult. I beſeech your Honor one peece for me.
Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would ſincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.
Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtitie, which is not worth a breakefaſt in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coap, ſhall vndoe a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your
Mar. Whither would you haue me? (wayes.
Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cōmon hāgman ſhal execute it, come your way, weele haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bawde.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter?
Boult. Worſe and worſe miſtris, ſhe has heere ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus*.
Bawd. O abhominable.
Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtincke afore the face of the gods.
Bawd. *Marie* hang her vp for euer.
Boult. The Noble man woold haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snowe-ball, ſaying his prayers too.
Bawd. *Boult* take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, crack the glaſſe of her virginitie, and make the reſt maliable.